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Original Poetry.

SONNET.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY JOHN TOMLIN.

I kneel her fee her side—her robe alone—
She was not blest with wealth nor did she claim,
Yet was she rich in many a noble gem,
Not claiming this, the heart had coldly grown,
In feeling on the needs, its sinfulness had sown,
Pride and its recluse's train, this she was,
And its attainment, did her soul but own,
Its worship, with a host of maidens' charms?
She was unlike in features of the face,
All others, as the night is to the day—
She was the most beautiful, and I would trace
The thought illumined, that would soften play,
In spite of such sensations'd thought, with grace,
Upon her brow, like sunshine on the sky!

Original Tales.

THE QUESTION OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY A. W. NONEY.

"Why dost thou ask?
But for a satisfaction of my thought."—Shakspeare

"I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady.—Bid.

"Edward, were you ever before in love?" inquired Lucy Stanmore somewhat abruptly of her brother, after having occupied herself during the previous five minutes in perusing with silent thought, a folio, the subject of her manly and intellectual features.

The lover was sitting near, but at the moment evidently abstracted in reflection; and therefore, a circumstance very unusual, the sound of her musical voice fell unheeded upon his listening ear. She did not regret this; for, on the instant as she spoke, she became sensible that the purport of the inquiry would seem to hold the deep tone of her impression heart. The words were uttered suddenly and almost unconsciously: while their apparent demand did not express properly the nature of her desires, or signify the knowledge at which she purposed to arrive. Still they bore a slight affinity; inasmuch that she had long wished to put the question, and had only hesitated in no doing from a vague fear that he would fail to appreciate its true character. She had thought that he might be awakened by it to the question, and therefore she resolved to make the venture.

"Edward!" she sensayed again with a most ravishing, and she, the lover immediately looked up into her fondly beaming eyes, while his countenance expressed an expression of quiet rapture in the enjoyment of the sweet and guileless maiden's love; "I wish to ask you one simple question, and I hope you will not mind it, and I'll leave the tasky, and you may have back the book."

"No, I don't say 'tasky' while."

"Certainly not; what is the question?" replied Edward freely, for he was totally unsuspicious of her anxiety, or the nature of the information to be imparted.

"Nay! but you must promise before I ask it!" said Lucy with a smile of affectionate regard, "that you answer me truly and seriously the question I put you!"

"Yes, truly, and—without laughing!" returned the lover with much gravity; and his fair almost touched hers, while he spoke, as if willing to seal the compact.

"Now think strange or ill of me for asking it, whatever the import may be!" continued Lucy, with the thought in particular application to her companion.

"No; think strange or ill of you, for a world of questions; returned Edward finally, while he strove in vain to repress a smile at the particular prudence which she manifested.

Lucy was delighted at her success thus far, and more than ever before confident of the strength of the passion with which he loved her. For he evidently possessed not a solitary secret but he was both ready and willing to confide it with her, and by his manner sought to give assurance that she was welcome to inquire.

Musing for the moments upon the enquiry in order to frame it into the most unmeaning language possible, ere with an arch and irresistible manner she gave it utterance, she continued:

"Tell me then and sincerely," said she, smiling exactly to assure him of the little real importance which she attached to the question, whether, in your life, you have experienced a fancy for any other person? Understand me properly. I do not mean—"

"Yes, I understand you perfectly well," said Edward, only here stopped into a stronger feeling, if you have never chanced to become acquainted with one who smiled your affections? Is it so? Then you need not laugh—I only ask from mere curiosity."

There was little necessity of this last injunction, as she could have been further confident of the sincerity of her lover, by the manner in which he had spoken. He was forsook its place—his countenance became suddenly pale, and then changeable, and his gaze fell before hers, revealing all.

Lucy was a little surprised at his agitation, and felt even then quickly that her question had proven an unhappy one. Alive to her companion's every impression, but immediately for the sake of her own peace of mind, she came to the conclusion that his feelings were of a kind of which she was not doubted. To relieve his suspense, therefore, she continued gaily—

"Now, you needn't manifest so much guilt, for you cannot make me jealous."

Edward recovered from his confusion and appeared relieved by her frankness: but without seeming to comprehend the trifling nature of her desire, he remarked in a very grave and sincere tone of voice—

"How can you, dear Lucy ask me such a question? Do you for a moment doubt I love you? If so, how did you consent to become my wife?"

This was precisely what Lucy had feared, and she felt vexed; but seeing not the least occasion for him to take the matter so seriously, she resolved to gain her point. The inquiry did not doubt his love, for she was confident of the ardent and devoted passion which he manifested—and did not even dream of suspecting that another had ever preceded herself in his love, ere he really became so; and if such had been the case, where was the harm, or in what consisted the folly of inquiring into the fact? Thus Lucy reasoned with herself. If he had never before bestowed an admiring thought upon my other fair maiden, the gratifying knowledge would of course heighten to an eminent degree the exquisite trust that she reposed in the singleness and purity of his affection; while not even the full confidence of the previous confession of attachment, she was firmly confident could in the least effect it.

"I do not understand me, Edward!" said she explanatorily. I merely asked if you ever fancied some pretty lady before you saw me, whom perhaps you might have loved had we never met. Surely it would be nothing strange if you have! I can remember a number of my boast, and some of them were quite as much looking as yourself. There was Arthur Hamilton, for instance, of whom you were so jealous—though unnecessarily, for you might have seen that I coldly encouraged him to bet your own passion. Therefore, why should you not have had sweet-hearts as well as myself? Now that I have asked the question, I can determined you shall answer me—and that too, without equivocation."

"Well, then, to satisfy you, I will say that I have seen a great many sweet maidens in schules:" returned the lover at length, for how could he fear or refuse to gratify such an innocent curiosity.

"But tell me particular, about whom you cared the most. Was she was the fairy vision of your constant dream? Now do not avoid answering when I know you promised me," said Lucy, reproachfully, though she could not see that his emotion was unaccountable.

"But, Lucy, why do you inquire?" persisted the other.

"I will not tell you!" returned Lucy, affecting to pout at his pertinacity. "Nor will I rest satisfied until you comply with my desire, and name some one to whom you were attached. Then, perhaps, sometimes you are inclined to become jealous. Really, you are so very reluctant about it, that I half begin to suspect that you have been in love with her. But the word maiden was almost serious as she spoke, for his manner in spite of her assurance, had made an impression upon her mind not to be effaced.

Edward still appeared to hesitate; but at length, evidently relying upon her boasted reservation of indifference with regard to the fact of the case, he manifested the name of a person of whom, she did not remember to have before heard him speak.

"Ah, Miss Belmont!" said Lucy, as if a notice within her bosom, as he did so; yet whence it arose, or what it signified, she could not at the moment determine. Her mind had not had time to recover from the shock that had been inflicted upon it—and the words of her lover seemed entirely through a natural, though perhaps cautious interest; and one which any young lady must be expected to feel, regarding the name of one of the sex, with whom the was soon to ally herself.

Lucy could not have been reproached with the charge of possessing a very inquisitive disposition; still she was human and a woman: and therefore, as an old bachelor would say, slightly tinctured with that prevailing failing after indulged which prompted the earliest of her sex to trifle with a state of perfect bliss, and achieve her own bitter misery. Love is a strange, subtle and mysterious thing—beautiful, worshipped and affectionate, every way lovely. Utterly unsophisticated in the knowledge of the world—she had not imagined one of its sorrows, and dreamed not of its deceits. Therefore she was too trustfull to guard against either the one or the other—and knew of them by the light of her own purity, and deemed them in her innocence all so guileless, and free from dissimulation before.

They had been indulging that evening in fond anticipations upon the bright prospect of happiness which appeared to smile around their future path in life, when Miss Stanmore arose to her mother, and now accompanied by a desire more strong than ever to have it elucidated. Edward had not risen—but remained seated at her knee.

"Now, dear Lucy, will you find you keep her company?" continued Lucy gaily.

"About three years," replied he in a falling tone. "Is that your fancy?" she exclaimed with a surprise. "And did you never love her in all that long period of time?"

"I have never striven to evade this question; while a struggle seemed evidently going on within his breast—a conflict between the feeling of dread to reveal and that of a harmful secret, and the natural sincerity of his nature.

"Nay, but tell me!" she pressed in alarm, though decidedly better to learn the worst. "If you do not, I shall certainly believe you were attached."

"I might have felt some attachment," said Edward, with much reluctance, "but I never knew him too noble to speak falsely, or deny the truth.

This confession, slight as it was, troubled her much, and she remained silent a few moments engaged in deep and painful reflection; while with difficulty could she control the rising emotions that began to swell within her innocent bosom. The name was as well as words of her lover awakened within her breast an unpleasant feeling which she could not account for, and of unaccountable pain. But in connecting with the still unshaken trust of her affection in him upon whose truth her whole happiness hung, the fact of his having loved her confiding soul was utterly bound up.

"You are moved now, dear Lucy, in despite of your resolution to the contrary!" said Edward, gazing anxiously into her face, in manifest alarm at the cause which she made.

"No, no! I was only thinking—" replied Lucy quickly, to avoid betraying her emotion; and then inquired in a slightly subdued tone; "Is she in this city, and have she known you?"

"I expect so; but cannot say, for I have not met her in the course of many months!" returned he more calmly, and now looked into the face, to ascertain her to turn aside and avoid his scrutiny.

This last admission confirmed all, and poor Lucy could hardly refrain from tears, even while she exerted her energies for a last effort. She wished to weep, for time she might, perhaps, have relieved the oppression that she felt—but she was a stranger to spirits. But various considerations forbid the betrayal of her weakness, though the sickening feeling seemed to increase momentarily.

"Then you forget your old lover, immediately as you find new ones?" said she with forced gaiety; "and I am to be your second choice, after all!—Now you incontinent! But then, as the poet says, your inconstancy was true to me, I suppose. Well, then, as I am fully satisfied, I verily believe you cannot sigh, you know." And she strove to evince by her manner the sincerity of her assertion.

But Lucy was not deceived in her design, she fain would have her lover believe on. She had asked the question it was true, out of mere simple, feminine curiosity—that is, so far as she was able to define her own feelings. But she did not understand the emotions of her heart—she had never analyzed its fragile impulses, and therefore, could not a fail, the keenness, and yet the slightest breath could break, and interrupt their flow.

But the enquiry was a very natural one certainly, and arose from that anxious desire which every lover feels to be assured that the object of attachment cherishes the same pure and fond love. Therefore, while Lucy knew it would give satisfaction to her thought whether answered in the affirmative, or negatively. But she had been beguiled into the error of supposing that she learned by end experience that there exists not a single secret in the world, but has its opposing bitter, sending up from the same embittered fount.

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Some bosom sighs for the deserter in swelling sorrow drags."

The subject was now dropped, for Lucy feared to pursue it further; while there seemed to be an increasing gloom encompassing the before happy countenance of each. Could her unmeaning inquisitiveness have caused this effect? And had she interrogated herself all this time—merely dreaming that her love was impregnable, without its being so? Alas! a single doubt had shaken it, and confidence reared in her fears arose.

The lover was constrained to depart that night without his accustomed kiss; which she took special notice of to shun, though he evidently watched for an opportunity to receive it unsolicited, as had been usually the case since the period of their mutual understanding—or her misunderstanding. Lucy almost began to fear the event would prove such—for there were many mixed and undefinable sensations at work within her breast. A storm seemed lowering over the gay prospect of their future joys, and its shadowing dread chilled her young lover's tender sensibilities.

When he had gone, and she was left to her own reflections, many a sad remembrance of signs that before had passed unheeded, came upon her thoughts, and ceased to gush forth involuntarily from her eyes as she mused. Her heart seemed fully aware of the truth that she might not be his only passion, and the doubt was misery to her loving and confiding soul. She therefore made a strong effort to repel the idea of his falsehood as preposterous, even though himself confessed it; for, he had not long seen that he adored her; while she knew that the heart can never love but once in life.

Lucy loved Edward Huntley with all the deep devotion of her sex's nature—without even a remembrance of other hopes or happiness. She in fact worshipped him with the burning ardor of earliest passion, and for more than two years had been the controlling fervor of woman's idolatry. She had known him it was true, but a few years, yet still long enough to have gained his entire and undivided affections. Every reflection upon the words of Edward—his manner, and agitation, increased the pang which affected her soul, and she could not rest.

Poor Lucy passed a sleepless and bitter night, and arose the next morning with a morbid heaviness hanging down upon her usually radiant spirits. She was pale and languid; while there still remained traces upon her soft cheeks, and her eyes looked dim, and inflamed. Her heart was ill and would not bear the double that troubled her, instead of diminishing, increased the more she reflected upon their cause, and she was now nearly convinced, that the affection were doomed to water but the desert. This is all, believe me. I ceased to love her who deceived me—but her heaviest punishment was in the fatal discovery, that I loved her no more. As if it could be the heart of man to trifle with the heart of one so lovely and confiding—so all that was pure and exalted.

When, therefore, he came at an early hour, (for he was evidently fearful of the effects of his revelation) she received him coldly and with pride. Under her present state of feeling she could not do otherwise; being too artless to conceal her wretchedness from one whom she considered had caused it. She felt she would a thousand times rather it should appear anything else. He might be in pain, or there was surely some anxious cause for his unusual gravity. He assumed gave her not the slightest hope of it. She would not for the world have revealed to him that his pretended love as a very studied one—a mockery of his deceit. Therefore she was too trustfull to guard against either the one or the other—and knew of them by the light of her own purity, and deemed them in her innocence all so guileless, and free from dissimulation before.

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Lucy was a little surprised at his agitation, and felt even then quickly that her question had proven an unhappy one. Alive to her companion's every impression, but immediately for the sake of her own peace of mind, she came to the conclusion that his feelings were of a kind of which she was not doubted. To relieve his suspense, therefore, she continued gaily—

"Now, you needn't manifest so much guilt, for you cannot make me jealous."

Edward recovered from his confusion and appeared relieved by her frankness: but without seeming to comprehend the trifling nature of her desire, he remarked in a very grave and sincere tone of voice—

"How can you, dear Lucy ask me such a question? Do you for a moment doubt I love you? If so, how did you consent to become my wife?"

This was precisely what Lucy had feared, and she felt vexed; but seeing not the least occasion for him to take the matter so seriously, she resolved to gain her point. The inquiry did not doubt his love, for she was confident of the ardent and devoted passion which he manifested—and did not even dream of suspecting that another had ever preceded herself in his love, ere he really became so; and if such had been the case, where was the harm, or in what consisted the folly of inquiring into the fact? Thus Lucy reasoned with herself. If he had never before bestowed an admiring thought upon my other fair maiden, the gratifying knowledge would of course heighten to an eminent degree the exquisite trust that she reposed in the singleness and purity of his affection; while not even the full confidence of the previous confession of attachment, she was firmly confident could in the least effect it.

"I do not understand me, Edward!" said she explanatorily. I merely asked if you ever fancied some pretty lady before you saw me, whom perhaps you might have loved had we never met. Surely it would be nothing strange if you have! I can remember a number of my boast, and some of them were quite as much looking as yourself. There was Arthur Hamilton, for instance, of whom you were so jealous—though unnecessarily, for you might have seen that I coldly encouraged him to bet your own passion. Therefore, why should you not have had sweet-hearts as well as myself? Now that I have asked the question, I can determined you shall answer me—and that too, without equivocation."

"Well, then, to satisfy you, I will say that I have seen a great many sweet maidens in schules:" returned the lover at length, for how could he fear or refuse to gratify such an innocent curiosity.

"But tell me particular, about whom you cared the most. She who was the fairy vision of your constant dream? Now do not avoid answering when I know you promised me," said Lucy, reproachfully, though she could not see that his emotion was unaccountable.

"But, Lucy, why do you inquire?" persisted the other.

"I will not tell you!" returned Lucy, affecting to pout at his pertinacity. "Nor will I rest satisfied until you comply with my desire, and name some one to whom you were attached. Then, perhaps, sometimes you are inclined to become jealous. Really, you are so very reluctant about it, that I half begin to suspect that you have been in love with her. But the word maiden was almost serious as she spoke, for his manner in spite of her assurance, had made an impression upon her mind not to be effaced.

Edward still appeared to hesitate; but at length, evidently relying upon her boasted reservation of indifference with regard to the fact of the case, he manifested the name of a person of whom, she did not remember to have before heard him speak.

"Ah, Miss Belmont!" said Lucy, as if a notice within her bosom, as he did so; yet whence it arose, or what it signified, she could not at the moment determine. Her mind had not had time to recover from the shock that had been inflicted upon it—and the words of her lover seemed entirely through a natural, though perhaps cautious interest; and one which any young lady must be expected to feel, regarding the name of one of the sex, with whom the was soon to ally herself.

Lucy could not have been reproached with the charge of possessing a very inquisitive disposition; still she was human and a woman: and therefore, as an old bachelor would say, slightly tinctured with that prevailing failing after indulged which prompted the earliest of her sex to trifle with a state of perfect bliss, and achieve her own bitter misery. Love is a strange, subtle and mysterious thing—beautiful, worshipped and affectionate, every way lovely. Utterly unsophisticated in the knowledge of the world—she had not imagined one of its sorrows, and dreamed not of its deceits. Therefore she was too trustfull to guard against either the one or the other—and knew of them by the light of her own purity, and deemed them in her innocence all so guileless, and free from dissimulation before.

They had been indulging that evening in fond anticipations upon the bright prospect of happiness which appeared to smile around their future path in life, when Miss Stanmore arose to her mother, and now accompanied by a desire more strong than ever to have it elucidated. Edward had not risen—but remained seated at her knee.

"Now, dear Lucy, will you find you keep her company?" continued Lucy gaily.

"About three years," replied he in a falling tone. "Is that your fancy?" she exclaimed with a surprise. "And did you never love her in all that long period of time?"

"I have never striven to evade this question; while a struggle seemed evidently going on within his breast—a conflict between the feeling of dread to reveal and that of a harmful secret, and the natural sincerity of his nature.

"Nay, but tell me!" she pressed in alarm, though decidedly better to learn the worst. "If you do not, I shall certainly believe you were attached."

"I might have felt some attachment," said Edward, with much reluctance, "but I never knew him too noble to speak falsely, or deny the truth.

This confession, slight as it was, troubled her much, and she remained silent a few moments engaged in deep and painful reflection; while with difficulty could she control the rising emotions that began to swell within her innocent bosom. The name was as well as words of her lover awakened within her breast an unpleasant feeling which she could not account for, and of unaccountable pain. But in connecting with the still unshaken trust of her affection in him upon whose truth her whole happiness hung, the fact of his having loved her confiding soul was utterly bound up.

"You are moved now, dear Lucy, in despite of your resolution to the contrary!" said Edward, gazing anxiously into her face, in manifest alarm at the cause which she made.

"No, no! I was only thinking—" replied Lucy quickly, to avoid betraying her emotion; and then inquired in a slightly subdued tone; "Is she in this city, and have she known you?"

"I expect so; but cannot say, for I have not met her in the course of many months!" returned he more calmly, and now looked into the face, to ascertain to turn aside and avoid his scrutiny.

This last admission confirmed all, and poor Lucy could hardly refrain from tears, even while she exerted her energies for a last effort. She wished to weep, for time she might, perhaps, have relieved the oppression that she felt—but she was a stranger to spirits. But various considerations forbid the betrayal of her weakness, though the sickening feeling seemed to increase momentarily.

"Then you forget your old lover, immediately as you find new ones?" said she with forced gaiety; "and I am to be your second choice, after all!—Now you incontinent! But then, as the poet says, your inconstancy was true to me, I suppose. Well, then, as I am fully satisfied, I verily believe you cannot sigh, you know." And she strove to evince by her manner the sincerity of her assertion.

But Lucy was not deceived in her design, she fain would have her lover believe on. She had asked the question it was true, out of mere simple, feminine curiosity—that is, so far as she was able to define her own feelings. But she did not understand the emotions of her heart—she had never analyzed its fragile impulses, and therefore, could not a fail, the keenness, and yet the slightest breath could break, and interrupt their flow.

But the enquiry was a very natural one certainly, and arose from that anxious desire which every lover feels to be assured that the object of attachment cherishes the same pure and fond love. Therefore, while Lucy knew it would give satisfaction to her thought whether answered in the affirmative, or negatively. But she had been beguiled into the error of supposing that she learned by end experience that there exists not a single secret in the world, but has its opposing bitter, sending up from the same embittered fount.

"Full from the fount of joy's delicious recipe,
Some bosom sighs for the deserter in swelling sorrow drags."

The subject was now dropped, for Lucy feared to pursue it further; while there seemed to be an increasing gloom encompassing the before happy countenance of each. Could her unmeaning inquisitiveness have caused this effect? And had she interrogated herself all this time—merely dreaming that her love was impregnable, without its being so? Alas! a single doubt had shaken it, and confidence reared in her fears arose.

The lover was constrained to depart that night without his accustomed kiss; which she took special notice of to shun, though he evidently watched for an opportunity to receive it unsolicited, as had been usually the case since the period of their mutual understanding—or her misunderstanding. Lucy almost began to fear the event would prove such—for there were many mixed and undefinable sensations at work within her breast. A storm seemed lowering over the gay prospect of their future joys, and its shadowing dread chilled her young lover's tender sensibilities.

When he had gone, and she was left to her own reflections, many a sad remembrance of signs that before had passed unheeded, came upon her thoughts, and ceased to gush forth involuntarily from her eyes as she mused. Her heart seemed fully aware of the truth that she might not be his only passion, and the doubt was misery to her loving and confiding soul. She therefore made a strong effort to repel the idea of his falsehood as preposterous, even though himself confessed it; for, he had not long seen that he adored her; while she knew that the heart can never love but once in life.

Lucy loved Edward Huntley with all the deep devotion of her sex's nature—without even a remembrance of other hopes or happiness. She in fact worshipped him with the burning ardor of earliest passion, and for more than two years had been the controlling fervor of woman's idolatry. She had known him it was true, but a few years, yet still long enough to have gained his entire and undivided affections. Every reflection upon the words of Edward—his manner, and agitation, increased the pang which affected her soul, and she could not rest.

Poor Lucy passed a sleepless and bitter night, and arose the next morning with a morbid heaviness hanging down upon her usually radiant spirits. She was pale and languid; while there still remained traces upon her soft cheeks, and her eyes looked dim, and inflamed. Her heart was ill and would not bear the double that troubled her, instead of diminishing, increased the more she reflected upon their cause, and she was now nearly convinced, that the affection were doomed to water but the desert. This is all, believe me. I ceased to love her who deceived me—but her heaviest punishment was in the fatal discovery, that I loved her no more. As if it could be the heart of man to trifle with the heart of one so lovely and confiding—so all that was pure and exalted.

When, therefore, he came at an early hour, (for he was evidently fearful of the effects of his revelation) she received him coldly and with pride. Under her present state of feeling she could not do otherwise; being too artless to conceal her wretchedness from one whom she considered had caused it. She felt she would a thousand times rather it should appear anything else. He might be in pain, or there was surely some anxious cause for his unusual gravity. He assumed gave her not the slightest hope of it. She would not for the world have revealed to him that his pretended love as a very studied one—a mockery of his deceit. Therefore she was too trustfull to guard against either the one or the other—and knew of them by the light of her own purity, and deemed them in her innocence all so guileless, and free from dissimulation before.

"Edward!" she sensayed again with a most ravishing, and she, the lover immediately looked up into her fondly beaming eyes, while his countenance expressed an expression of quiet rapture in the enjoyment of the sweet and guileless maiden's love; "I wish to ask you one simple question, and I hope you will not mind it, and I'll leave the tasky, and you may have back the book."

"No, I don't say 'tasky' while."

"Certainly not; what is the question?" replied Edward freely, for he was totally unsuspicious of her anxiety, or the nature of the information to be imparted.

"Nay! but you must promise before I ask it!" said Lucy with a smile of affectionate regard, "that you answer me truly and seriously the question I put you!"

"Yes, truly, and—without laughing!" returned the lover with much gravity; and his lips almost touched hers, while he spoke, as if willing to seal the compact.

"Now think strange or ill of me for asking it, whatever the import may be!" continued Lucy, with the thought in particular application to her companion.

"No; think strange or ill of you, for a world of questions; returned Edward finally, while he strove in vain to rep

ough! deeper! Ha! ha dose!" darting forward, like a dog at his prey, he struggled violently for a moment, and throwing a small object into the air, fell upon and crushed, upon his face. The man was dead; it vanished; a crystal, yellow with quickly dissolved; it vanished; a crystal, yellow with quickly dissolved; it vanished; a crystal, yellow with quickly dissolved; it vanished in the air, and I wrapped up in this man's purse and the breast of his jacket.

The Parisians hugged the idea of a Prussian Duke, the Napoleonic legend, and crowned Bonaparte Emperor. Should the case occur, I will not be responsible to the clerks; but, back to the house. We must stop the fire in his mouth."

As they turned, they discovered that in the progress of the conversation we had just heard the power of consciousness we had just heard the power of consciousness was restored to Mr. Smith's power to move. The organ was still entirely, and required to assist. As for myself, I was more philosopher enough to be accepted, and from a boy, had been having several on a sort of consolation. I must not say haste, that one might be disturbed.

"Men rise from the dead, and cannot live
To bestow on me mother's bed."

Had I indeed, instead of "suffering through the clouds" as Coleridge, that the whole of the facts of the case occurred at Cambridge, the whole of these of Shakespeare and Coleridge, and the whole dissolved of formerly visited my imaginations of this and all other forms.

The same time spent in examining the chest, which retained its place, and on which marks of violence were not visible, nor attempted was not attempted by an excitement from Master Robert. This young gentleman, having learned on a visit to Paris, that a truly British taste for the destructive, had been completely engaged on the fireplace till he had succeeded in demolishing of a piece of the decayed carving.

"Oh, pa! I make it come off!"

"Come down, sir," cried his father, "and keep out of mischief."

"But, sir, pa! oh my! here's a little hole, and a place to wind it up."

We turned towards the multiplexes, which was, we have since observed, very large, and elaborately, if not tastefully carved. The upper was open to the front, in consequence of the absence, three of which have been in the possession of the Duke of Wellington, and the remainder, with original portraits of York and Lancaster. Of the lower limb the border of the north was most decidedly tended to represent Adam and Eve, the middle figures were made, the centre one female, from the Saxon Queen, and the group consisted of a graceful female, with the ingenuity of Master Herbert had picked out, a small brown arrow, (resolute of a deadly and true, stuck in the centre. I resisted the fragment from the boy's hand: it had the semblance of a dart.

The riddle was explained—the meaning of the cat Jane's dying gift—of his last words. The dart, with the small gold key, which I had ever seen attached to my good chain, the large money I endeavoured to my young brother, upon the occasion of my departure, and the other things, were illegible, were filled with coin and notes; some with parchments; and in a recess by itself was discovered a manuscript purporting to be the last will of Walter Wildespeir, Esq., dated but a few days before his death. In this he declared all other wills under nearly bulky four of his nephews, to be void and null. To him he bequeathed the whole of his property, to be under his entire remaining property.

Strange indeed it is, little stories at this event in fact, I had been gagged with trouble, and had stomach for no more; I really believe that the sight of the old gentleman of Lincoln's Inn stalked into the apartment, I should have treated him rather as an injured guest than with the awe and deference due to the disembodied spirit.

The report that Mr. Wildespeir was the associate of his uncle spread like wildfire through the village, where he was already sufficiently popular. The morning horse, he was dropped from his house by an hysterical maid, composed chiefly of the tenants who were seemed intent on revenging upon him all the wrongs they had received from the club of "devils." But he did not receive the treatment he received.

It is scarcely necessary to add that Elliot was banished from mine, and rejoined his master, his mistress; the Wildespeirs estate, but the sympathy and respect of his neighbors for a time. Young Elliot married the Professor's daughter, and is now the popular proprietor of Wadsmore Castle.

Choice Selections.

A TRIBUTE TO WORTH.

We publish this eloquent tribute to the distinguished Quaker Preacher, whose worth it is designed to commemorate. It is but a fair expression of our own respect for this great and good man.

[From the New York Tribune.]

TO GEORGE B. HITE.

We have not,
As is our wont upon that glorious day,
To hand ourselves before the throne of Him
Who blesses all that worship at His throne,
But where art thou! The voiceless echoes will
In vain to reach the cadence of thy voice;
Thou whose rapt eloquence can chain the mind
And melody the heart, art silent now! Oh, Hite!
Can but it is too late! Thy spirit has gone
To mingle with the sainted ones above;
And there on crystal pinnacles of light
And dip its airy plumage in the stream
That well forever from the "Feast of Light."
We cast our eyes upon thy unconscious seat,
And think thou should'st be there, as thou wast wont
Though He "who speaks as yet was never spoke,"
Speaks only through "still, small voice" of "devils."
Judas has a little star before the fall
Enchanted hours of the Queen of Night,
Hath deigned to illuminate in our midst,
And spread the lustre of its silver light
Thou is the genius of silent worshippers!
Thou hast no "Sunday clothes" to put on now!
Pause for the words which, issuing from the mode
Revive the cooing cowpens and still
The trembling hearts into "peace, deep peace."
We know—for all this reason thou last taught,)
We must not lean on time—Christ must be ours!
But then come point me to that sweet path
Wherein the redeemed of the Lord shall walk.
And with uplifted finger point me there.
Oh, are there any who can dwell on thy power?
Can question the communion that thou hast had
With the most lofty theme? Thy thrilling words,
And caught the inspiration in those eyes,
Which beamed with intelligence, like the light,
And shed its influence in radiance on the face of God.
Are, who but God could set the tongue awake
The vocal of Canaan? Who but the invisible
And call fresh vigor in its immortal range—
And when, when Love burst in its fullness,
Could bid it speak as soft and gentle tones,
Like the low whisperings of a mother's lips,
And fill the soul with watery drops!

What though we presently heads upon thy knee
Or hear thy voice in prayer, or in song,
In arrogant attempts to wield a power
Which none but God can give or ever give;
What! the "still, small voice" of "devils"
Hath passed upon their from the feeble hands
That would a monster or a native hold
Thy God hath sent thee forth—a chosen one
Ordained of Him to be of even time art
And though the chalice an earnest may waver
Of sacred honors—when we know,
There shall one look a cancel—for God shall be
"A modern of honor" unto thee.

Four not, though Pentecostian sun at thee
In "consumed darts"—and Heaven rested thy path
In wall would sooner with silver and costless care;
For to thee no hours flew from the sunless hour,
And chains the brighter that fire rays were dimmed,
So shall thy name, all continue as it is
Amber now hence from these unseen veils
That round the Immortal Brotherhood
Weaved one while to rise in luminous light,
Thou shalt be known as the Good and the Great
And all years thou still succeed'st, thou shalt stand
A Silver Star shall never be dimmed
A Silver Star shall never be dimmed
The Rock of Ages—Christ, the only base
On which a Christian's hope can ever rest
And oh, let never since that sunless deep,
Lest thy fruitful ground be lost in the sea!
Be not distracted—though none should come to aid
The glorious work thou could have begun
And by bold champions of the storied Truth,
And fearless valor breathing to the last!
So, in the by-past days of other years,
Strong in the strength which cometh from above,
Elijah stood—with Baal's prophets round—
And Luther, when the Pope and all his host
Came to his single strength to overthrow.
He trusted in the words were hands to do so
Who cannot hear the plain yet powerful truth,
Who cannot feel the motives which are bent
To lead up high channels of the eternal Truth,
And fashion with the fingers of Love
Its fountains of their pious and serene proclaimed
To Him who's Immortal and source of Eternal Life.

He trusted to it

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Notices of New Works.

ELEMENTS OF PHYSIOLOGY, *by J. Muller, M. D. Edited by John Bell, M. D. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—We have received the first number of this treatise in the country as a portion of the arrears necessary only to professional men, but now become a popular subject of reading and study in the first elementary course in our public schools. Once it was considered impertinent curiosity to look higher than the skin (if a doctor's coat-tail) to the flesh of a professional visit; and to attempt to decipher the graphic on a prescription would almost get a lad a sound cuffing. Anatomy, however, history has become as much parts of a good common education, even in common schools, as were formerly grammar and geography. The object of this publication is to enable students to acquire a more profound knowledge of those subjects than is within the reach of general readers, as they will by take the practical study they may find their patients better physiologists than themselves, at the imminent risk of losing business in consequence of their learning!" It having been round a couple of evidences from our neighbor of the United States Gazette, we may as well pay the debt after the most approved fashion of modern times, and by adopting the rest of his notice of the title of which stands at the head of this notice:

"Medicine and Surgery from its first appearance in Europe has been regarded as the best, the most important and most valuable science that man has hitherto appeared. Endeavoring as it does the consideration of the organic matter of the human body connected either with sensation or vegetation in a physiological view—it is necessarily a large work: the limited character of a review, therefore, and it has been said, and not unjustly, that he who read them through might consider himself as well versed in medical matters. The size of the work, however, does not present the whole difficulty to the student. Its knowledge, now kinder it from being eagerly perused by the lovers of medical science. The present treatment of matter embraced in the London edition, and visitations of the disease, which might have been advantageously perhaps omitted.

Although the character of the work has been familiar to the profession for many years, the low price made it inaccessible to the majority of medical readers. The difficulty is now removed. The edition now before us, and the public are indebted to the enterprising publishers for the same, is from Blanchard for Muller's Physiology, in an American dress, which enhances considerably the intrinsic value of the original work.

The Translator, Bell, and able practitioner, Dr. John Bell, who preceded over the introduction of the work to the notice of American readers, in its present form, has most judiciously omitted such portions of the London edition as may well be spared, preserving at the same time all that is essential to the completeness and unity of the work. He has accomplished a task of no small difficulty, and we have at least got him vast labor—that we should not be exposed to the necessity of purchasing the original of the European volume. We have taken the pains to compare the two editions, and we can have no hesitancy in favor of this single volume by Dr. Bell, which, we observe has the approval of two eminent Professors in the University of the Metropolis; a paper by Robin Dunne—an excellent one by the way—entitled "Boyhood Memories." A portion of the memoirs was published under the title which Ralph Waldo Emerson, Robert Treat Paine, and Horatio Greenough were the stars of the winter—the former house hold in 1837, which Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin spoiled his here book by drawing shop on the margin of every leaf, and left his name into the Venetian. We are to see Mr. Dawes in prose. For the other writers we have the editor, Mr. Tuckerman, who has given us a capital paper on Washington Irving, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Halleck, C. F. Hoffman, R. L. Wade, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Sigourney and Mrs. Jane T. Lomax.

THE ARGUS-AMERICAN MAGAZINE is the title of a new monthly periodical Magazine matter, commenced in Boston by J. N. Bradley & Co. The articles in the first number are selected with a very excellent look at the public taste, and we like the choice appears to be made in very good taste altogether. But it strikes us, as they say South, that our remarks are published in the wrong place, and their republication "into the ground." Burgess & Leiter are the Philadelphia agents.

THE BOOK OF THE NAVY.—We observe that the Messrs. Appleton have just issued the Book of the Navy, by Prof. Frost, with all its illustrations, in four parts, at twenty-five cents each. It is a work which every patriot should possess, and we know of no other reason existed for its currency. It is, we think generally, an impartially executed volume, though we cannot agree with the author entirely on one point which has been too much mooted to read to notice here.

THE PIONEER, OR YOUTH'S FRIENDLY COMPANION.—Color, 1843 Cincinnati.—This is a capital magazine for Youth, containing sixty pages of choice reading matter adapted to the taste of the young fellow. Cuts quite find really nice for it.

Religious Intelligence.

ANNIVERSARY.—Fifty persons were united to the Baptist Church in Norfolk street, New York, on Sunday last, to whom the ordinance of baptism was administered by the minister of the 12th inst., whitened by immersion in the East River, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and the fall of snow which continued throughout the day.

☞ The Boston Post says that the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars has already been subscribed, for the purpose of purchasing a site for the erection of a new church for the Rev. E. N. Kirk, now preaching at the Tremont.

☞ 10,000 members were added to the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches in Virginia, in the year 1842.

Items of News.

A RUNAWAY SHOT.—The Buffalo Advertiser of the 21st ult. says:—"An unhappy affair occurred at the Barracks yesterday. A soldier of the 4th regiment was sentenced to punishment. He attempted to run away, was ordered to stop, but not obeying, the officer who ordered him fired his gun. Which was done. The ball entered near the hip joint, and brought him down. It is thought to-day that the man will recover. The shooting was done under the strictest circumstances, is, we believe, justifiable by the law."

NEW SCHEME OF PETITION.—Fifty-seven nine young men, desirous of assuming the vote matrimonial (in the county of Montgomery, and State of Ohio), have declared from their laudable purpose by the enormity of legal fees in such cases enacted, have petitioned the honorable Legislature to so far let down the bars as to enable them to enter the state of "conjugal felicity." The petition was referred to the committee on roads and bridges.

OFFICIAL VISIT.—Governor Morton is a tall, spare man, and looks every inch the soldier he has been on many stores. On the day of their inauguration, the Ex-Secretary, Bayless, remarked, that in his opinion, the Governor elect was "a gay, *the Lucy and slave* of the Democracy of Massachusetts." This only caused a good deal of laughter, and which was done.

FIRE AT PORT AU PRINCE.—The U. S. Gazette of Saturday says:—"We regret to learn by the brig Maria, Captain Stetson, at this port from Port au Prince, that before sailing a destructive fire broke out in the town, and from the inflammable materials with which the houses are constructed, nearly one half of it is supposed to have been consumed."

SENTENCED.—French rogues would appear to operate on a grand scale. It appears that a compact band of fifty robbers recently committed a robbery in the garment green-house, and crimper than pie crust.

☞ Lamba Wolick, a celebrated Chief of the Chippewa tribe, died a short time since at the South St. Marie's, aged 90 years. He had been a consistent and influential Christian.

BUFFER TIMES.—It is stated in the Boston Bulletin, that the steerage of a ship-broker, that there is not now in Boston a single square-rigged vessel that is not engaged.

Congress News.

The debate on the Oregon question was last week the order of the day in the Senate, and closed by the passage of the Bill under debate. The speech of Mr. Allen, upon the subject was Mr. Rives, who appeared to have considered every thing to the Bill but the prospective grants of land. This feature, it is said, he could not support, as he considered it in direct contravention of treaty stipulations with England. Messrs. Clinton, Benton, Woodbridge, Archer, Linn, Henderson, Rugby, Calhoun, and others, continued their remarks, but in a more or less extraneous manner than in formal form, the most important of which has been destroyed. A resolution is pending in the House, instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to report a bill to authorize Congress failed by the same vote and the bill passed to a third reading—the division in each case being nearly upon party lines. On the passage of the bill the bill were ignored re-committing it and against striking out the bounty to settlers. Vote on the bill:

YEAS.—Messrs. Allen, Bentot, Berbanks, Clayton, Fulton, Henderson, King, Linn, McRoberts, Merrick, Miller, Pryor, Rives, Smith of Connecticut, South of Indiana, Sturgeon, Tappan, Walker, White of Indiana, Williams, Wright, and Yeagle—24.

NAYS.—Messrs. Archer, Bagby, Barrow, Bates, Bayard, Berrien, Calhoun, Choate, Conrad, Crafts, Dayton, Evans, Graham, Huntington, McDuffie, Mangum, Simmons, Sprague, Tallmadge, Woodbridge—23.

The Bill in the final passage of the Bill was the same, numerically, although Mr. Archer must have voted in the affirmative, for on Monday he made an explanation of his vote, in which he stated that he condemned the proceeding as unconstitutional, and the motion was laid over.

The Bill from the Senate, and able practitioner, Dr. Jean Bell, who presided over the introduction of the work to the notice of American readers, in its present form, has most judiciously omitted such portions of the London edition as may well be spared, preserving at the same time all that is essential to the completeness and unity of the work. He has accomplished a task of no small difficulty, and we have at least got him vast labor—that we should not be exposed to the necessity of purchasing the original of the European volume. We have taken the pains to compare the two editions, and we can have no hesitancy in favor of this single volume by Dr. Bell, which, we observe has the approval of two eminent Professors in the University of the Metropolis; a paper by Robin Dunne—an excellent one by the way—entitled "Boyhood Memories." A portion of the memoirs was published under the title which Ralph Waldo Emerson, Robert Treat Paine, and Horatio Greenough were the stars of the winter—the former house hold in 1837, which Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin spoiled his here book by drawing shop on the margin of every leaf, and left his name into the Venetian. We are to see Mr. Dawes in prose. For the other writers we have the editor, Mr. Tuckerman, who has given us a capital paper on Washington Irving, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Halleck, C. F. Hoffman, R. L. Wade, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Sigourney and Mrs. Jane T. Lomax.

THE ARGUS-AMERICAN MAGAZINE is the title of a new monthly periodical Magazine matter, commenced in Boston by J. N. Bradley & Co. The articles in the first number are selected with a very excellent look at the public taste, and we like the choice appears to be made in very good taste altogether. But it strikes us, as they say South, that our remarks are published in the wrong place, and their republication "into the ground." Burgess & Leiter are the Philadelphia agents.

THE BOOK OF THE NAVY.—We observe that the Messrs. Appleton have just issued the Book of the Navy, by Prof. Frost, with all its illustrations, in four parts, at twenty-five cents each. It is a work which every patriot should possess, and we know of no other reason existed for its currency. It is, we think generally, an impartially executed volume, though we cannot agree with the author entirely on one point which has been too much mooted to read to notice here.

THE PIONEER, OR YOUTH'S FRIENDLY COMPANION.—Color, 1843 Cincinnati.—This is a capital magazine for Youth, containing sixty pages of choice reading matter adapted to the taste of the young fellow. Cuts quite find really nice for it.

Religious Intelligence.

ANNIVERSARY.—Fifty persons were united to the Baptist Church in Norfolk street, New York, on Sunday last, to whom the ordinance of baptism was administered by the minister of the 12th inst., whitened by immersion in the East River, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and the fall of snow which continued throughout the day.

☞ The Boston Post says that the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars has already been subscribed, for the purpose of purchasing a site for the erection of a new church for the Rev. E. N. Kirk, now preaching at the Tremont.

☞ 10,000 members were added to the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches in Virginia, in the year 1842.

commander of the naval and military expedition for the occupation of the California.

Resolved, That the President be requested to communicate to the House copies of all the instructions given by him, or under his authority, to said Captain Jones, from the date of his appointment to the command of said squadron; also, copies of all correspondence between him relating to said expedition for the occupation of the California; and also to inform the House whether orders have been despatched to said Captain Jones recalling him from his command.

The Army Bill has passed the House, and the Navy Bill is under consideration, the question pending being a resolution to restore to the pay of officers of the Navy, including the Engineer corps, twenty per cent. In defending the amendment, Mr. Cooper, of Ga., said he would go for the election of the Army and Navy. Speaking of the Navy we should have mentioned in the Senate proceedings that a resolution has been adopted by that body, inquiring into the expediency of abolishing the Revenue Cutter service, and employing the Navy Station in the performance of duties now performed by the Cutters. A bill has been introduced into the House, read twice, and referred to the Committee of the Whole, to establish a Navy Station at the Gosport Navy Yard, Virginia, now a resident of this District, who says he was a body servant to General Washington at the battle of Brandywine, in 1775, and was present at that battle; and also that he was a servant of General Washington at the surrender of Cornwallis in 1781, and who is believed to be 112 years old.

Several unofficial attempts have been made by Mr. Choate, to procure a vote upon a day on which he will relative to French spoliations prior to 1800, shall be taken out of Committee.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the motion to reconsider the vote by which the Oregon Bill was passed, was lost by a tie vote. The bill to prohibit private corporations from public mail routes was then taken up and several offered amendments being rejected, was ordered to be engrossed.

In the House of Representatives, a most impressive scene was witnessed. It was the presentation, by Mr. Somers of Virginia, of the sword of Washington, and the staff of Franklin. A resolution to that effect, Bill to District the State, as reported in this paper, two or three weeks since, has passed the Senate with an amendment, changing the county of Hancock from the 23d to the 13th District. In the House the consideration of this bill has been postponed until Tuesday next, (Feb. 14.)

The resolution, which had passed the House, instructing the Committee of the Judiciary to report a bill to prohibit the transportation of the mail on Sunday, has been defeated by the following vote:

YEAS.—Messrs. Allen, Bentot, Berbanks, Clayton, Fulton, Henderson, King, Linn, McRoberts, Merrick, Miller, Pryor, Rives, Smith of Connecticut, South of Indiana, Sturgeon, Tappan, Walker, White of Indiana, Williams, Wright, and Yeagle—24.

NAYS.—Messrs. Archer, Bagby, Barrow, Bates, Bayard, Berrien, Calhoun, Choate, Conrad, Crafts, Dayton, Evans, Graham, Huntington, McDuffie, Mangum, Simmons, Sprague, Tallmadge, Woodbridge—23.

The Bill in the final passage of the Bill was the same, numerically, although Mr. Archer must have voted in the affirmative, for on Monday he made an explanation of his vote, in which he stated that he condemned the proceeding as unconstitutional, and the motion was laid over.

The Bill from the Senate, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported a bill in reference to the whole subject of the Bankrupt Law. 1500 extra copies of the Report were ordered to be printed. We give an abstract of the principal features of the Bill and Report, which sets that the Committee may not be misunderstood. The Bill is divided into Memorials and Resolutions referring to the subject. The Royal Bill, originating in the Senate, is referred to the Committee of the Whole, and from all Memorials and Resolutions referring to the subject. The Royal Bill, originating in the Senate, is referred to the Committee of the Whole, and from all Memorials and Resolutions referring to the subject.

The amendments also go to repeal so much of the voluntary clause of the present law as confers the benefit of the law upon his single petition, and requires the concurrence of a majority in value of the existing mode of procuring the certificate of discharge.

The Report states that the salutary influence of the present law, and the probability of such effects in the prevention of undue credit; 2d, by preventing partial payments; 3d, by substituting one uniform rule; and 4th, by arming the creditor with a power to obtain security or payment from the debtor before his assets are wasted by the desperate speculation to which he is driven by approaching insolvency.

The following reasons are given for continuing the Section:

1st. In the consideration that the benefit of the Bankrupt Law have been extended to a portion of the community who have not been accustomed to the a denial of equal justice to many others whose claims are not less worthy, and who have been prevented from availing themselves of them; or restrained by the fear of expense to command our support.

2d. That by the decision of the question in relation to the constitutionality of the law now in the Courts of the United States, the citizens of one of the States will be deprived of the offers depriving of all the benefits of this law, while those of the other States have had the enjoyment of them.

3d. That a Bankrupt Law is but the exercise of a beneficent power which the experience of every country has shown to be ascertained to be necessary, and which power has been conferred by the Constitution on the Federal Government.

4th. That it will prevent the enactment and operation of partial laws, some of which have already been passed.

5th. Finally, that such a law extends the protection of the Government to a class of citizens, who though poor, and unfortunate, ought not for this cause to be deprived of its protection.

One of the changes in the Bill is the substitution of the petition of creditors according to the Act of 6th William for Fourth. The amendment provides that the petition shall be approved by a majority of the creditors.

The accumulation to include corporations is embodied in the Report.

Mr. Benton, who has declared his intention to keep ranging at the subject of the relief of the Widow and Children "till he makes every man, woman and child understand the perfidy of our Secretary negotiator," has offered a resolution requesting the President to communicate to the Senate copies of all correspondence upon the subject. The Army Bill and the Iowa Territory Bill have been received from the House and referred. A joint resolution to establish reciprocal regulations, by treaties with foreign countries has been introduced into the Senate and ordered to be printed. The "mail matter" bill still occupies the attention of the Senate.

Mr. Talliaferro, of N. Y., called up, in the Senate, his Exchequer Plan, as the special order of the day. He made a long speech which was closely followed by Mr. Buchanan, who briefly related his own personal legislative experience. He said he voted against the exclusion of the United States Bank, that Mr. Clay had voted for it, and that he had voted short him that he had communicated an error. Mr. Clay he said was right. He was convinced of the necessity that a fiscal agent would exist, and established he would most certainly vote for it. He then went into an advocacy of the measure before the Senate. He did not believe that Congress should furnish a general currency for the country but equalize the local issues. Merchants wanted a uniform currency, and possessing the power, it was every light and of uniform value in all parts of the country. This he thought his plan would provide. He was replied to by Mr. T. and the subject was uniformly passed over.

In the House the following resolutions, moved by Mr. Adams, have been adopted:

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to inform the House under what authority, and under whose instructions, Capt. Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, commander of the squadron of the United States in the Pacific Ocean, did, on or about the 19th of October last, intrude, in a warlike attitude, the territory of the Mexican Republic, and take possession of the town of Monterey, and declare himself

By Mr. Elmer, a resolution calling on the Auditor General for a statement of all officers and pensioners liable for State purposes. Laid on the table.

By Mr. Elmer, a resolution declaring the act of Congress providing for an election of Congressmen at large therefore to be unconstitutional. Laid on the table.

By Mr. Hankinson, a resolution instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to report a bill to provide for the payment of material men who have claims against the State—which was adopted.

By Mr. Tuson, instructing the same Committee to report a bill to repeal all bills for the sale of lands—which was adopted.

By Mr. Hancock, from a Select Committee, to consolidate the bill to incorporate the Kensington Gas Company.

By Mr. Dofeel, from the Committee on Banks, a lengthy report on the subject of banking in general and on a bill authorizing the State to subscribe to stock in the Bank of the United States, as also to extend the time for paying the interest on the loan.

By Mr. Turrin, from a Select Committee, a bill providing for the erection of water works to supply the District of Spring Garden, with instructions for effecting them to supply Kensington and the Northern Liberties—which bill those Districts will pay their portion of the expense.

By Mr. Hancock, a supplement to the act relating to recording deeds.

On Friday, by Mr. Turrin, a resolution instructing the Committee on the Judiciary Department, to inquire into the expediency of repealing all laws imposing penalties on persons for the collection of more than 6 per cent. interest for money loaned. The resolution was modified by Mr. Hankinson, of Chester, so as to refer to and the inquiry to the repeal of all usury laws, and was then adopted.

By Mr. Frederick, of Lehigh, a resolution in favor of making the appropriation to the Lehigh and Susquehanna, Beaver, Brandywine and common schools, for five years, which was laid on the table.

By Mr. Hankinson, from a Select Committee, recommended the bill providing for an inspector of Gas Meters—which was passed.

By Mr. Dofeel, from the Committee on Banks, the bill to extend the charters of the Farmers' Bank of Reading.

By Mr. Turrin, a bill providing that all tobacco brought into the port of Philadelphia, and not entered for shipment constitute, shall be liable to inspection by the tobacco inspector.

By Mr. Hankinson, a resolution instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of passing a bill, &c. Mended next, confining the operation of the Act abolishing imprisonment for debt to cases of contracts entered into since the passage of the said Act. This resolution was laid on the table, which carries it over until the session. The original motion slightly amended—the amendment was to strike out Philadelphia and substitute, Mr. Elwell, immediately brought in a bill in compliance with the resolution.

By Mr. Rush, from the Committee on Banks, a bill to extend the charter of the Farmers' Bank of Reading.

By Mr. Rush, from the same Committee, the bill to incorporate the Farmers' Bank of Bucks county.

By Mr. Rush, from the Committee on Banks, a bill to incorporate the Farmers' Bank of Bucks county.

By Mr. Rush, from the same Committee, the

Gems from the Poets.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE.

BY SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

How warm the scalloped wild recess!
Love nestles there and breathes it balm,
And thou there laid of lunch, my dear!
Pulpy as kernel under shell.
As if in love you yet were mine!

Right savage have been those, since last I lay
On sea-weed Quantock's kerchief'd hills,
Where cyder smiled from fruit-o'erloaded vale
Flust here and there, like things new-born,
And high o'er head the skyfowl shrilled.

No voice as yet had made the air
Be music with your name; yet why,
That making task? that yearning skill?
Was aught to ocean's every whisper mute?
Believed I her your spirit by?

As when a mother doth rejoice
That recognised on her long-lost child,
Ere, I found you, smiles could be
As when I long had loved before—
So deeply had I been beguiled.

You stood before me like a thought,
A dream remember'd in a dream.
But where those much eyes live, Oh! soon
To fall on me. Love within you wrought—
Oh Circe, dear domestic stream!

Hers not, dear them, Love's gorgeous fray,
Hia not Love's whimper summers
Soon vanishing, she quickly true!
Sole voice when other voices sleep,
Dear cooer among in Clarence's bow!

Popular Lectures.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Ring the bell—down on the curtain—and let the drama begin."

LECTURE XIV.

The Consular Government — Wars — Marengo — Victories of France—Letter of Louis—Peace—The Infernal Machine—Conspiracy of Pichegru, &c. Death of Pichegru and Captain Wright at the Temple—Seizure and Execution of the Duke d'Enghien—Napoleon Created for Life—Public Improvements of Napoleon—Good Government—Attempt to Empire—Corneille's Description—The Vote—Napoleon proclaimed hereditary Emperor of the French Consolation at Paris—Coronation King of Italy—Pope Pius VII.

The Abbé Sieyes counter-mined a new Constitution, which, however, did not please Napoleon, who was the master-spirit of every Government since—and Roger Ducos declared against him. Napoleon seized from the control, and at length, on the 24th of December, 1799—the Consular Constitution of the year VIII. was formed—chiefly from the fragments of Sieyes' plan.

According to this form, the Government was placed in the hands of the first Consul, Napoleon, while the two Consuls were appointed for him to consult. The Senate, primarily chosen by the Consuls, consists of the list of national candidates, and members of the "Tribunate;" also of the "Legislative Body." All laws originated with the Government. The first Consul was the Executive, and head of the senate, &c. It is not necessary to dwell at any length on the details of this short-lived system, which was therefore dictated by Napoleon while at Munich in clothing to it, remarked—"when one has power the same as the Government." Napoleon chose as Consuls—Lebrun and Lebrun as his second and third Consuls. This constitution was submitted to the people and approved by 3,011,007 votes. In general, it may be added that the second Constitution of Napoleon was mild, just, advantageous and republican.

I will again take no opportunity to repeat, that the foreign wars of France are no fair basis within the province of a lecture on the Revolution, than to notice their chief incidencies and results. One of the first acts of the first Consul, was to offer peace to England—which England refused. The brief and brilliant campaign which succeeded in Italy, is well known to every reader of history, and remembered by many now alive. Here it was that Napoleon gained the memorable victory of Marengo over the Austrians, on the 14th June, 1800, with the loss of forty-five pieces of cannon, on the 14th June, 1800. The French lost General Desaix and nearly as many killed as their opponents. On the 9th of February, at the Austrian General Melas and the conquest organized a treaty, in virtue of which twelve of the strongest fortresses were put into the hands of the French, and became, in fact, complete master of Italy. Victories were also gained by Moreau, at Hohenlinden and Bienach. In closing your's every glance of Europe signed with Austria at Lunerille, France gaining all the left bank of the Rhine. This was followed by a peace with Portugal, Russia, Port, the Sardinian, and at last with England. Napoleon seemed to lead a favored life. In all his wars he was successful, except in the matter of St. Domingo, and the greatest part of the colony had fallen into the hands of the English." St. Domingo, the flower of the French colonies, had also been off the yoke of the whites, and striving, with horror, anarchy and massacre, formed an independent negro nation. In 1802, the short peace of Amiens was made between France, England and Spain, and ratified to be broken, and the flames of war rekindled in the following year. But one sigh of war.

Meanwhile, the internal affairs of France were prosperous. Society and Religion were re-established—the movements of anarchy were overawed, and the people in every part of the nation were encouraged and encouraged in the pursuit of their usual avocations. Still, several exciting events occurred, the principal of which were, the celebrated attempt on the life of the first consul, by the "Infernal Machine,"—the conspiracy and death of Pichegru, &c.—the defeasance of Moreau—the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, and the death of Captain Wright in prison.

On the 3d Nivoe, 1800, a number of Christians and others—realizing that had been long persecuted, having returned privily to Paris, attempted to destroy Napoleon by what was called the "infernal machine." They grouped a cart, in which, covered with timber and goods, was placed a large barrel of gunpowder. This was driven into the Rue Nicaise, strong street, among a throng of people crowding. Napoleon was passing in his carriage to the opera. The cart was so placed as to intercept his passage, and the explosive contrivance immediately. *Saint Regent*, one of the chief conspirators, secretly lighted a slow match connected with the gunpowder Napoleon's coachman observed the match, and with the difficulty, between the cart and a wall. This quick movement saved the life of the First Consul. Before he had reached the end of the street, a terrific explosion took place, which covered the quarter of St. Nicaise with ruins, destroying many lives. *Peuche*, minister of police, at first suspected the royalists, the agency to the detonation, many of whom were transported. But several of the real authors were at length discovered and executed.

In the year 1804, the emigrants and royalists, at least so it was alleged, prepared a conspiracy both within and out of France, having for its object the destruction of the Bourbons. To carry this into effect General Pichegru and Georges Cadoudal were landed in France, by armed boat and craft, to stimulate the royalists in Paris, they lodged with Moreau, who had been sent over to the republican party by his wife. Arrangements were made with the nation over to the Bourbons. Moreau, though some persons stated that the three chief conspirators had their own private views and aimed at conquest and sovereignty for themselves. Moreau entered into the whole affair. At the moment when the plot, whatever it was, was about to be put into execution, the persons were arrested by the police. Georges was convicted. Moreau was condemned to two years' imprisonment, which was changed into exile; and Pichegru was found strangled in his cell. The vessel of Captain Wright having been captured, he was imprisoned in the Temple, where, by the manner of the times, he was tortured to make him confess—but not a word was wrung from him. He was afterwards found in his prison, with his throat cut from ear to ear. In other accounts, and by all the royalists, the deaths of Pichegru and Wright were ascribed to the orders of Napoleon—but he solemnly declared before God, before witnesses in the matter, or that he knew any thing further of the manner of their death, than hearing that they had committed suicide in prison.

On the 15th of March, 1804, the Duke d'Enghien was carried off by a squadron of cavalry from the Castle of Ettenheim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, a few leagues from the Rhine, by order of Napoleon, who believed, according to the reports of the Police, that the Duke of Enghien was implicated in Pichegru's conspiracy. He was conveyed rapidly to the Castle of Vincennes, judged by a few hours by a military commission, convicted of treason, and there applied France in the time of Robespierre, and shot in a ditch of the castle. This event created a tremendous sensation against Napoleon throughout Europe, and meant the ancient throne of Charlemagne and the Lombard Kings, and build a doubly Royal empire over France and Italy.

"Ring the bell, let curtain the curtain—the drama is concluded."

The series of lectures on the imprisonment and execution of the French Revolution, may now be regarded as brought to a close. Certainly, no period in modern history has teemed with scenes of such thrilling interest. Nor, in the whole range of history, has there been a period which has given birth to so many great developments of the human mind. The most ancient governments, and the most ancient principles of government, were overturned in a single day, and the whole fabric of society was shaken to its foundations. Old systems, old principles, old habits of thought, old modes of action, were all swept away, and the whole nation was left to the free exercise of its own powers, to form for itself a new system of government, and to establish for itself a new code of principles. Never was there a more glorious opportunity for the development of the human mind. Never was there a more splendid field, for the people who had taken the oath of Hannibal against a king, had not done so against the Emperor. (Measured results.) It was indeed a magnificent spectacle, to see the whole nation in solemn and earnest array, if such could be, whereas the monarchy of France were about to be overthrown, and a wise patriotic Chief Magistrate, must be consulted to Napoleon Bonaparte.

And now Napoleon prepared to put forth the power of glory—*Corneille*. The curse—eye, more than a regal, an *imperial* crown alone could satisfy his ambition. It was insidiously regarded that when the royal relics, the people who had taken the oath of Hannibal against a king, had not done so against an Emperor. (Measured results.) It was indeed a magnificent spectacle, to see the whole nation in solemn and earnest of sway